

H. B. 11

THE
PICTURE.
A NOVEL.

BY THE
MISS MINIFIES,
Of Fairwater in Somersetshire;
Authors of the History of Lady FRANCES
S—, and Lady CAROLINE S—.

VOL. III.

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THE
PICTURE

AND HOW WE

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VOL. III

LONDON

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THE
PICTURE.

CHAPTER I.

The laws of honour, rightly understood,
Bind to be gentle, gen'rous, wise and good:
Heroic laws, which real glory bring;
Heroic laws, whence noble actions spring.



INSTEAD of swords
and pistols, frowning
looks, and a furious
rival, Mr. Hallifax
found a table replenished with so-
cial

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cial bottles, and was received by the colonel with a lively air and smiling countenance.

This is kind, said he, shaking him cordially by the hand, to break so soon from the ladies, to keep an engagement with your friend.

My friend, retorted the other with great energy——

Can you doubt it? Lady Lucy shall convince you——

Lady Lucy! mark me, Stanhope, you have discovered my love——you insult me. No man shall insult me with impunity. My hopes are desperate; yet desperate



perate as they are, think not I will sacrifice them tamely.

I ask no such sacrifice. Yet know, Hallifax, she to whom I am attached never shall be yours.

Nor yours, by heaven, laying his hand on his sword, unless you gain her thus.

Thus then, replied the colonel, pretending to draw, I resign her. I honour her ladyship, but never attempted to rival you in her favour.

Nay, you may credit me; I admire the charms of lady Lucy; but,
A 3 faith,

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faith, I am seriously captivated with those of Miss Orey.—

Is it possible! exclaimed Mr. Hallifax, who could scarce believe his senses; Is it possible you do not love lady Lucy? What shall I say to convince you that the sweet Lonisa is entire mistress of my fate?

Enough, dear Stanhope, you restore me to life—pardon my warmth—lay it to the account of your great merit.

No apology—I have seemed to deserve the worst of treatment; but believe me, Charles, when I appeared most your enemy, I was
most

most your friend. First let us drink the healths of our mistresses; afterwards you shall own my assertion just.——The ladies healths were pledged, an explanation followed, and Mr. Hallifax was profuse in his acknowledgements. That particularity to lady Lucy, which had at first so terribly alarmed him, as soon as he heard from what motive it proceeded, became the object of his gratitude and admiration.——She loves you, my friend, said the colonel, or her eyes, her looks, her actions, all deceive me. Love is blind, perhaps therefore you may not have seen this preference—Hear then, and be convinced that she has sensibility—

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that you are the sole cause by which that sensibility is actuated.—After declaring this to be his opinion, he advanced a thousand proofs to support its veracity. These proofs were received by Mr. Halifax with a pleasure not to be described, but attended with diffidence, which, as they further consulted together, he expressed in this manner.

Notwithstanding the flattering hopes you give me, ought I? would it not be presumption to encourage them?

Courage, man! I say, nay will swear she is your own. — Would I was as well assured of my fair
Louisa's

Louisa's affections. Your family, character and fortune, you need not blush to lay before the earl and countess. Where then is your presumption?

The word fortune reminded him of his wretched situation, overwhelmed him with confusion, and determined him to hide no longer the true state of his affairs. Without reserve he laid them open; nor concealed the ill terms on which he stood with his brother, or the cause of their disagreement.

He was not listened to without many tokens of amazement and concern, but none

escaped

escaped which seemed prognosticating omens of ill success, such as are expressed by a nod of the head, a shrug of the shoulders, or the words unfortunate, ill luck, confounded circumstance, or any other discouraging epithet.

After giving Sir James those opprobrious titles he deserved—promise me, dear Hallifax, said the colonel, to be conducted by my advice—do all I require—here is my hand—lady Lucy shall be yours in spite of all obstacles. Willingly, replied Mr. Hallifax, you can make no proposal to which I may not subscribe with honour. The next time you are alone with her ladyship, continued

tinued he, make her the confidante of an alliance intended for you by your brother—say not it is with Miss Stanley, but that you are averse to it—never will comply. Hint that your inclinations are engaged, and so forth. You know my meaning, Charles. Should she receive this information, as I expect, tell her who hath engaged them, and if she keeps you in suspense, adieu, that noble frankness which at present exalts her above the generality of her sex.—

Suppose I find her even thus favourable to my wishes, shall I disguise my poverty? shall I engage her affections, yet want the

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means to have my pretensions authorized? Rather let me suffer singly than involve in a painful dilemma the person whom it is my utmost ambition to make happy!—Your sentiments are noble, replied the colonel: it is my wish ever to call you friend, yet that wish I must relinquish if you refuse me one condition.

I can refuse you nothing.

But you must swear, solemnly swear to acquiesce in what I shall now propose.

I do solemnly.

Let us then from this moment adopt each other as brothers.
We

We will have no separate interest—I will share in your heart and satisfactions—you in my affections and my fortune.—

This unexpected greatness of soul took from Mr. Hallifax the power of utterance; so that the colonel proceeded thus uninterrupted—

Remember you have sworn; therefore cannot retract without injuring your friend, and what is of still greater consequence, affronting your Maker.

Tears rolled down the manly cheeks of Mr. Hallifax. He exclaimed

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claimed in a broken voice, It is too much—dear Stanhope, it is too much—if you would preserve my senses, be not thus kind—thus generously kind.—Charles, returned the colonel, I see your extreme delicacy; pardon me for alarming it. Your distress paints my fault in glaring colours—forgive an involuntary fault—I will no more offend—the title of brother I will not be refused—as my brother you command twenty thousand pounds. Hold, pursued he, seeing his friend about to interrupt him, the money you shall not accept from me—Sir James will one day do you justice—take it there—

therefore as a debt, which I will then allow you to repay.—

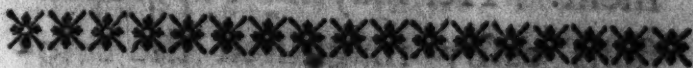
You have conquered, replied Mr. Hallifax; a common obligation I could have resisted, but one of a nature so exalted I am honoured in accepting.

This friendly contention over, the colonel forbore every subject which might be said to bear the most distant analogy to what had past; he called in the assistance of wit, exerted all his gaiety, and circulated the glass so briskly that the evening glided on imperceptably. Mr. Hallifax remembered enough of his generosity to respect and esteem him, with—

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without beholding him with that painful restraint which when a favour has been just conferred is natural from the obliged in presence of the obliger.

CHAP.



CHAP. II.

Our lady fair's in dreadful plight;
Supposing that her good fir knight
Encounters deadly steel.
In such a case, for such a man,
Condemn her, females, if you can,
Or you'll her terrors feel.

UNfortunately for lady Lucy she had over heard the colonel's invitation to Mr. Hallifax, in regard to meeting him at the King's-Arms, and began to be alarmed at the consequence; nor did her fears lessen when at an early hour he left the company to keep his appointment.

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ment. Her ladyship's apprehensions easily magnified the colonel's words (delivered with a mysterious whisper) into a formal challenge. Her own change of humour, together with the accidental blow, she also considered as the terrible causes of that challenge, and felt the most pungent regret. Her uneasiness she was obliged to conceal; conscious that if she discovered it, her inclinations would be likewise discovered.

The whole night she passed in unavailing reflections: sometimes condemning herself, sometimes Mr. Hallifax; but much oftener the friendly colonel.

colonel. After eight sleepless hours, in which she found no relief, bidding adieu to her pillow, she arose, and went to seek it in the library. Promiscuously the books are turned over—a dozen lines in this, a dozen in that, and half a page in another, honoured with a transient glance. The playful squirrel is next taken up—again it is returned to its confinement. Her work applied to, but as suddenly thrown aside. Neither books, squirrel, or work, afforded the restorative she wanted. The aid of music is now summoned; her guitarre produced—but alas! her guitarre is out of tune!

How

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How could she retune it, who was not herself in tune? How could she make harmony, whose ideas were in tumultuous discord? In short, her distempered mind might be said to resemble a bitter vessel, which imbitters whatever it receives. Long did she deliberate, long consider; and at length Mrs. Morton, her ladyship's woman, was summoned—Morton, said she, I would have you step to lady Edmonton's, and enquire—Here followed a full stop—for her ladyship's woman—Again she paused—You know Mrs. Dalpee—

Yes, madam, is she working some muslin for her lady. Say
I

I have an inclination for the pattern; desire she will send it me.

Mrs. Morton curtsied and went towards the door.

Stay, Morton, you may ask—
No, no! ask nothing; say not another word for the universe! I want only the pattern, that is all. You may go now.

Mrs. Morton having received this whimsical message, withdrew, wondering at the strange manner in which it was delivered. On the stairs she was met by Mr. Hallifax, and dismissing the servant who attended, turned
again

22 The PICTURE:

again to conduct him to her lady, by whose bell she was that moment summoned back in great haste.

Whatever commands were further intended by lady Lucy, they were all forgot when she saw Morton return, followed by Mr. Hallifax. Her doubts, fears and suspense all subsided, and were succeeded by the strongest emotions of pleasure.

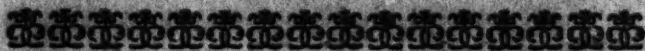
His impatience to execute colonel Stanhope's plan of operations had brought him under the propitious auspices of fortune.

Thus

Thus early to Sir Thomas Stanley's—to find his mistress alone—to see her face dressed in smiles—her eyes animated with joy at his approach—to be received with a grace, sweetly condescending. What flattering omens to a respectful lover!

It was now but nine o'clock. The family never met till ten. Fortunate moments! golden opportunity!—sought after, yet unexpected—wished for, yet received with trembling.

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CHAP. III.

Who can the lover's joy repeat
In comfortable tete-a-tete!

HAVING saluted each other with the usual compliments of the morning.——How comes it, Sir, said lady Lucy, with her accustomed liveliness, that we have the favor of so early a visit?

May I hope it is not unseasonable to your ladyship?

By no means. I soon expect Sir Thomas and my lady from their apartment. I will send them word you are here: It will
hasten

hasten them. Gentlemen, I know, are always sadly impatient for their breakfast.

Dearest madam! (seizing her hand as she rose to pull the bell, and leading her back to her chair) for heaven's sake indulge my present happiness without interruption! It is you whom I would consult, you whom I would ask—to advise—to direct—to pity me.

The word pity was so emphatically pronounced, that lady Lucy thought herself at no loss to explain its full meaning; yet willing to hide her penetration, I vow, said she, laughing, one

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would think by that melancholy face of yours, that you labour under some terrible misfortune.

It is most certain that I do—
sighing very profoundly.—

A sigh too! Well, I protest these are direful symptoms: suppose I guess this terrifying accident.

You do me too much honour, madam; rather permit me to reveal it——

Not for the universe. Doubting my penetration, my pride, my judgment is alarmed. Perhaps your taylor hath disappointed you

you of a suit for the next birth-night?

No——

Your favourite finger appears no more at the Opera-House?

No——

Your tickets in the lottery are come up blanks—or hold! perhaps you have left your heart with some foreign beauty, and now repent your carelessness.——

Dear cruel lady Lucy, you jest with my misfortunes; hear me seriously for five minutes—I ask but five minutes——

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Seriously! why seriously! the word frightens me.

But my happiness is seriously concerned. Can you then refuse to hear me?—you will, you must hear me—

Since I must hear you, take that guitarre; give me some solemn air—some melancholy dirge—Tune my mind to a serious key before you attempt to make me your confidant, or expect counsel.

For heaven's sake!—

Come, come! let us have the Children in the Wood, or—

An

An hour hence I will do, say or sing as you command——Sir Thomas and lady Stanley will be soon down. I intreat your patience, madam——by all you hold most dear, I intreat it.

Her ladyship thought she had played long enough with his suspense——She saw he was serious——her heart pleaded for him——she remained silent.

You see me, madam, torn by contending passions. A former engagement, a present attachment distracts me.

The word former engagement gave her ladyship a very sensible pang.

30 The PICTURE:

This engagement I entered into before I was of an age to distinguish for myself. A brother, who at that time I not only esteemed as my friend, but whom I revered as a parent : That brother enforced it. I gave my honour to be guided in my choice by his approbation, by his direction. My heart was then free. I had not seen the person for whom I was destined by Sir James, but knew she was amiable. O lady Lucy, pity my situation ! I never can, never will fulfil that engagement. I have since beheld the most lovely, the most accomplished of her sex—my heart is hers—I dote on her

to

to distraction; yet—here he paused.

Lady Lucy coloured extremely. Her consternation is not to be described.

We are apt to believe the clay, out of which women are formed, is of a more transparent nature than the common mass from which men are taken; or how happens it that the situation of the female heart appears on the countenance, whilst a man's secret sentiments lay as concealed in his bosom as though they were cased with steel.

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Mr. Hallifax, whilst he repeated some circumstances (with which our readers are already acquainted) watched every turn of her ladyship's eye; and in very visible characters read, that she was not indifferent, or inattentive to his conversation.

He continued the subject—the scene grew more and more interesting—Miss Stanley's name only was suppressed—his brother's ill usage, his own affection and distress were painted in such lively colours, that poor lady Lucy had no longer occasion for the Children in the Wood, or a solemn dirge to make her serious.

Sym-

Sympathetic tenderness is inseparably united to a refined attachment. His distresses became hers: in her breast they were ever augmented. This sensibility she strove to hide, but love forbids concealment.

The stifled tear, the forbidden sigh escaped, to convince our chevalier he was the happiest of mortals. The colonel's stratagem answered beyond the hopes of Mr. Hallifax. He confessed his passion; and before they were summoned to breakfast, lady Lucy acknowledged, she should not be displeased, if his pretensions were approved by her father.

34 The PICTURE:

ther and mother, whom, in a few days, she expected to embrace, hinting, that in their absence she regarded Sir Thomas and lady Stanley as their representatives. Accordingly, the same morning, he made them the repositories of his hopes, and both promised to use their influence in his favour, which was of no small weight with the earl and countess.

CHAP.



CHAP. IV.

Minerva gives him honour's crest,
 And stamps her motto on his breast:
 By Mars the youth is train'd to arms:
 By Cupid taught more soft alarms.
 No wonder that these graces move
 Each heart to friendship or to love.

WHILST Mr. Hallifax
 is impatiently waiting
 the arrival of lord and lady Cas-
 tledale, who are hourly expect-
 ed; whilst lady Lucy is enjoy-
 ing the calm delight of a sincere
 and tender attachment; let us
 look in upon Emily and her cou-
 sin, who by this time we shall
 find it fashionable to admire.—

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Bells and beaux expired at their
presence. You die with envy,
I with love, says a good old song.
And never were the passions of
love and envy more general than
when our newly-risen suns shone
out in the full blaze of natural
and acquired lustre.

Mrs. Stanley's house was
crowded with the young and gay
of both sexes. There was no
ball, no masque, no concert, to
which they were not invited;
yet so seldom were they seen at
such assemblies, that their pre-
sence was esteemed a high mark
of favour and respect.

— Though

Though they had been so few weeks in town, applications for their alliance were made by many noble families. Those addressed to Emily, for motives which might be easily guessed, she prevailed on Mrs. Stanley to decline; nor did Louisa, till colonel Stanhope bespoke the intercession of her aunt, find her heart inclined to return the tenderness which she had engaged from many admirers. The young ladies were sitting together when Mrs. Stanley made known the colonel's inclinations, and soon found, by the manner in which Miss Orey received them, that his success would not be long doubtful.

Cer-

38 The PICTURE:

Certainly, my dear children, said Mrs. Stanley, the highest concern in life, is that of making a choice for which we shall not be condemned when judged by our friends, or by the world; for though not summoned, the latter will attend, harangue, and decide at such tribunals. Much caution and long deliberation is necessary before we enter into an engagement, from which there is no possibility of retracting. I have delivered my embassy from the colonel, and can only tell you, my sweet Louisa, that his character, family and fortune, are unexceptionable.

Louisa

Louisa blushed, and Mrs. Stanley continued — Of what ever degree or merit a young woman may boast her admirers, I hold it disgraceful to herself, dishonourable to her lover, if she keeps him in unnecessary suspense. A serious declaration demands a serious determinate answer, yet I have known many by an evasive one, or at least a very faint denial, chuse to continue the object in pursuit, at the same time that they heartily despise the pursuer. Often, my dear girls, has your good Mr. Howard, your beloved Mrs. Berkley, your happy, happy mother, heard, read, and approved your sentiments on this sub-

40 The PICTURE:

subject. You give me every hour fresh cause for being pleased with your conduct. You will consider, my dear, of the colonel's proposals; and if they meet your approbation, he is a man of honour, be not afraid to treat him with a generous confidence.

My dearest dear aunt, replied Louisa, honour me with your direction. You who formed my heart to virtue, conduct it to happiness.

That's my good girl, said Mrs. Stanley, smiling. Am I to have the same direction over the heart of my Emily?

Can

Can my beloved mother doubt my obedience? returned she, hesitating. Can she, who is all goodness, all indulgence, ever command it, where it would follow with reluctance? This she said, folding her arms about Mrs. Stanley, and hiding her face in her bosom. The conversation was here interrupted by the arrival of company, and the colonel's visits were afterwards received with the most flattering condescension.

CHAP. V.

When raging ocean lifts its surges high,
 And foaming billows seem to mount the skie;
 Its troubled conflicts with tumultuous roar
 Beats back th' affrighted mar'ner on the shore:
 So when distracting guilt mens bosoms tear,
 We see the storm, and know the wreck is near.

THE eve of that day being
 arrived when the earl and
 countess were expected in town,
 Mr. Hallifax leaving lady Lucy
 at an early hour returned to
 Marlborough-Street, to indulge
 the fond expectation with which
 his hopes had inspired him. His
 first question was for lady Ed-
 monton; and, finding she was
 gone

gone abroad, he went forward to his own apartment. In passing that of his brother, he was startled with an appearance, for which he could no ways account. The servants had not informed him of Sir James's arrival, whom his eye discovered accidentally as he went by the study. If he was amazed at seeing him returned, he was more so at the alteration in his person, which he had leisure to observe as he traversed the room with hasty steps and looks of frantic discomposure. His clothes which hung about him covered with dust, his sullied complexion and dishevelled hair plainly spoke the little regard he had paid to his dress during three weeks absence:

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fence: his visage pale and contracted: his body shrunk: his eyes starting. The wildness of his looks, and the confusion which was betrayed through his whole form, might have struck the most hardened beholder with affright and terror. Good God! what then must Mr. Hallifax feel? Astonishment for a moment suspended all his faculties. He hastened to his chamber, rung, and found Sir James had entered unobserved by any of the domestics except the porter.—

Satisfied there must be some hidden cause for his return in so extraordinary a manner, his soul was moved with compassion. He resolved to make him a visit, and
remove,

remove, if possible, that load of despondency with which he seemed burdened. The condescension, he was about to offer voluntarily, was that moment requested. He went back to the study, and found Sir James retired into an inner room, at the door of which he was met by him with an air of assumed composure, striving to conceal the strong emotions still evident on his countenance.

I sent for you, Charles, said he, to tell you, I am sorry for the ill terms on which we last parted. I sent for you, to consult with, to advise me on an affair which nearly concerns my honour

46 The PICTURE:

honour and my conscience. Forgetting all his former resentment he assured him of his best services in expressions the most sincere and affectionate.

Suppose, continued Sir James, with a look of eager confusion, suppose my friend hath been villainously treated: suppose he is unable to revenge himself: suppose it only in my power to revenge him: do not the laws of justice call upon me? Answer me; answer me by all you hold most sacred. Mr. Hallifax trembled for his brother's intellects, and was silent; but being again urged with increasing vehemence, he said, (taking hold of his hand) It

It is not your question which puzzles ; your look, your air, your manner alarms me. For God's sake, brother, why this terrifying emotion ?

Come, replied Sir James, seating himself, sit here, Charles, pointing to a chair next his own, and I'll tell you more calmly the affair which hath disturbed me : 'till then I will not insist on your answer to my former question.

48 The PICTURE:



CHAP. VI.

Old Satan's work ne'er slackens, once begun,
From crime to crime his busy agents run;
And whilst undoing, are themselves undone. }

SIR James fixing his guilty eyes on the ground, to avoid meeting those of innocence, whose ray he was not able to encounter, related every circumstance of his baseness, without placing it immediately to his own account, but drew the portraits in such strong colours, that Mr. Hallifax turned pale with horror, at discovering the likeness of Sir James in the villain,
his

his own in the injured brother :
But had been too much a witness of the criminal's torturing conflicts, to add to them by reproach.

Having ended what may be justly called his confession, well Charles, continued he, the case is before you, what are your sentiments ? No evasions, by heaven !

You shall have none, replied the other with great mildness.

Say ! tell me then ! ought I not to revenge the injured brother, seeing he is a stranger to

50 The PICTURE:

his own wrongs? How would you act in my situation? But hold! if you suspect.

Dear brother, I suspect nothing; I am only concerned that you take so large a share in your friend's misfortunes: You ask me, What in your situation I would do? Shall I tell you ingenuously?

By heavens you must!

Hear me then: Was I Sir James, nay was I the very injured party, I should despise revenge, as derogating from the laws of God and man,—and forgetting all my wrongs, thus, con-

continued he, enfolding Sir James to his bosom, would I embrace my repentant brother.

Suppose him hardened past repentance, withdrawing his arms, and fixing his eyes distractedly on his face—what then would you do?

By tenderness I would awaken reflection: by reflection I would lead him to explore the boundless mercies of his Creator; from which I would draw infallible instances to convince him, that true repentance, whenever it overtakes us, comes not too late or unseasonable.

5 The PICTURE:

Then you believe there is a God?

Undoubtedly, or why is the idea of one interwoven with our nature as the most comfortable hope of our existence?

Hold! hold! Charles, do you call it a comfortable hope either to drag a load of guilt and remorse in this world, or if with our own hands we remove the burden, to suffer eternal punishments in the next?

Heavens! is it possible you can doubt the reality of a Being, so infinitely good, so infinitely wise,
so

so infinitely powerful; a Being who rewards beyond the boundless wish of ambition? —

If he be so infinitely good, why does he torment and punish his creatures? why have we a foretaste of our misery?

Ah! brother, it is the ungrateful only that are punished; those who, in the midst of light, walk in darkness, with their eyes shut; those who throw a veil over his divinity, and trample on his attributes. To have, as you term it, a foretaste of misery, is the way to avoid misery; it is remorse; it is the parent of re-

54 The PICTURE:

penitance; the last efforts of an all-merciful King, to lead back his rebel-subjects to that happiness from which they have wilfully deserted.

Sir James gave a deep groan, and continued silent.

My dear brother, examine the materials of which your heart is formed: Is not the innate character of a God impressed on it, however choaked or obscured by false opinions?

Enough, enough, I am satisfied; your arguments have convinced me: retire, that I
my

may consider and digest them : when I am disposed to hear you further, I will desire your company.

This he spoke with so much composure, that Mr. Hallifax withdrew ; but hardly had he gone from the door, when the sudden explosion of a pistol recalled him.

He ran back : The first sight with which his eyes were saluted, was his miserable brother weltering in his blood, and his brains scattered on the floor.

56 The PICTURE:

This spectacle stiffened him with horror : for a moment he was unable to move. The next he recollected Sir James's situation, and flew to his assistance : but, alas ! it was too late, all human endeavours were vain ; already was he in the gloomy regions of death, waiting the punishment of his crimes.

Having gazed an instant on the mangled corpse, he turned from it and retired to his chamber.

We shall not, as is sometimes the custom, repeat his lamentations, or number his tears on
this

this dreadful catastrophe; it is enough to say, That from his soul he forgave whatever injuries he had received from Sir James: that he mourned greatly for him as a brother, but with a still more intimate concern, when he considered him as an atheist and a suicide.

58 The PICTURE:



CHAP. VII.

The doubtful parts we'll here explain,
And save our anxious reader's brain.

BY Mr. Hallifax's prudent caution, the manner of Sir James's death, was concealed, even from lady Edmonton, who believing he expired in a fit of apoplexy, expressed no desire of viewing his remains; but emerged with all possible expedition into the most fashionable grief, with its most fashionable appendages.

As

As the sudden disappearance of Sir James (the situation in which he returned, and the shocking manner of terminating a life which, through his crimes, was become odious to him) may appear perplexing mysteries : let our readers examine (and if they please credit) the following explanatory reasons.

Sir James's fondness was so unbounded for his son, that he grew jealous of the filial regard, with which he revered his imaginary parents. He could not reflect, that it was his creatures who enjoyed this endearing privilege, without extreme pain ;

60 The PICTURE:

a circumstance so very disagreeable, he determined, at any rate, to prevent, and thereby engross wholly to himself that duty of which he was tenacious even to distraction.

He used very frequently to pass whole weeks at Windsor; but was so private in his motive for going thither, that neither lady Edmonton, or Mr. Hallifax suspected it was any other than the air and company, by which he was attracted.

It was in one of those stolen interviews, that Sir James revealed to the astonished youth,
the

the secret of his birth. His behaviour on this occasion was so full of duty, so discreet and amiable, that his father was entirely satisfied, nor once repeated the confidence he had reposed in him. Being conscious that there were many parts in his conduct, which instead of endearing, might render him obnoxious to his son, whose principles he had often experienced to be strictly honest, he wisely forbore mentioning either his cruelty to the lady who gave him being; the occurrence at Dover that moved him to snatch the poor deserted infant from poverty, or the villainy by which he was instigated to

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to complete his crimes, in sealing the ruin of Mr. Hallifax.

Delany, when this discovery was made, happened to be absent on some business, and did not return till Sir James had left Windsor. As he had ever carried himself with officious tenderness to his charge, that young gentleman thought it no breach of his father's commands to repeat what had past between them, well knowing he could be no stranger to those particular transactions with which Sir James had intrusted him.

CHAP.



CHAP. VIII.

The wretch no danger, no disaster sees,
Whilst boasting of his feats, and counting o'er
The blotted list of all his villanies,
In foul deeds hardy and in guilt secure.

DElany no sooner heard
that Sir James had him-
self revealed the secret, which
had long been waiting at the
door of his lips for enlargement,
than he gave it freedom; a freedom
so unlimited, that the most hid-
den villanies of his master escap-
ed in the recital, and like spears
transfixed the soul of his guiltless
auditor. Sighs, heaved his bo-
som;

64 The PICTURE:

form; tears trickled down his cheeks. Whilst claiming a share in the wicked contrivances of Sir James, the wretch minutely recounted all that black scene which his accomplice had so cautiously concealed.

If a child may be ever excusable for despising a parent, he of whom we now treat certainly stands acquitted, when he considered his as obnoxious to the purity of his own sentiments. The horrid catalogue he listened to in silence, and without breaking that silence returned, leaving Delany exulting in the proofs he had just manifested of his fidelity and elocution.

Sir

Sir James was at this season so busy, in hopes he should bring matters to a conclusion between Miss Stanley and his brother, that he had not one day which he could conveniently dedicate to Windsor.

Let it be remembered, he was in high wrath with Mr. Hallifax, when informed of a messenger's arrival, to whom he hastened; and, according to his fears, which were ever on the alarm, found it was no other than Delany. The occasion of his journey being this:—About two that morning, his young master had been seized with violent symptoms of a fever,

66 The PICTURE:

ver, attended with a delirium, which in a few hours encreased to such a height, that the physician, whom he had summoned, feared the most terrifying consequences.

This account dreadfully alarmed Sir James, who, as we have before observed, sat out with an expedition which nothing could equal but the rapidity of his apprehensions.

During their short journey, he seldom opened his lips but to curse his fate, or shew an impatience to be with his dear James. Delany, unconscious of having done more than repeated, what his patron had before revealed, strove

strove to rouse him by recounting a thousand instances of his young master's sense, genius and intrepidity, but more particularly he spoke of the strength of his constitution, which would undoubtedly enable him to resist the force of his present disorder. Little did he imagine from whence that disorder proceeded, much less that his own indiscretion had occasioned it; which, we can assure our readers, was the real cause of his indisposition.

From the moment the supposed son of Delany became acquainted with the horrid scene of iniquities we have before related,

68 The PICTURE:

lated, his very soul shuddered within him. When he reflected that he owed his being to the author of these black deeds, his distress is not to be described. Whole days did he spend in solitude, avoiding even the presence of Delany, whom he beheld with abhorrence as the instrument of his father's vices. Solitude rather encreased than relieved his melancholy. The idea of a suffering mother, expiring in the midst of wretchedness, haunted him perpetually. He ruminated on her wrongs: her memory became every hour dearer to him. Every hour did he pay the silent tribute of affliction

tion to her injured shade. In short, like the poor Deer, he carried in his bosom a fatal arrow, never to be extracted. Unable to support the conflicts under which he laboured from a lingering malady, he sunk down on the bed of excruciating sickness.

70 The PICTURE:

CHAP. IX.

Pity thy virtues were to vice ally'd,
Whose baneful poison fades their early pride;
Within thy soul all was serenely hush;
Nor did thy actions cause one guilty blush.
Alas! sweet youth, his fate we grieve to tell;
By others crimes, and not his own, he fell.

BEING arrived at Dela-
ny's house, Sir James was
following him with the utmost
eagerness; when on the stairs
they met Dr. M—— coming
from the nick chamber. Dela-
ny made many enquiries in re-
gard to the state of his pretended
son's

son's disorder, whilst the real father was forced to suppress those which struggled on his lips for utterance.

Dr. M——, who professed all the characteristics of his profession, judgment, prudence, and humanity, declared with great tenderness, the young gentleman was threatened with very imminent danger. Whilst he spoke, the eyes of Sir James were fixed on him, plainly shewing his extreme distraction and despair, which, as soon as the physician had turned his back, broke out in all the vehemence of expression.

They

72 The PICTURE:

They found the expiring patient totally insensible, in which stupor he continued a whole week. The same instant seemed to restore him, both to speech and recollection. He asked where he was, who was with him, and how long he had been ill.

When he first spoke, Sir James was sitting in an easy chair near the bed-side; and, not having taken off his clothes since his arrival, was at that time just falling into the refreshing arms of Morpheus. Roused by the sound of his son's voice, he started from his droufy posture, and mad with ungovernable joy, ran to the

the bed, opened the curtains, and made himself known with so little caution, that he drove reason a second time from her throne, just as she was beginning to reassume her empire.

The sight of Sir James made so strong an impression on his imagination, that the idea of his unfortunate mother returned, on whom he was incessantly calling, during his delirium, in the most pathetic, the most melting terms.

In short, a scene of so great horror is hardly to be described; or if described, scarce to be sup-

74 The PICTURE:

ported. Death at length stepped in, to drive these dreadful phantoms from his imagination. The twelfth day of his illness he expired in the arms of his distracted father.

Sir James's soul being before deserted by virtue, honour, and every good principle, the furies entering took possession of the whole, and hurried him away to endless torments.

As our readers are already acquainted with his guilt: to repeat it, would be a needless tautology. Let us then suppose him deposited in the vault of his an-

ancestors, and return to congratulate our chevalier, now Sir Charles 'Hallifax, on his accession to his brother's title and estate.

76 The PICTURE:



CHAP. X.

The curtain draws, and to each eye discovers
No less than four compleatly happy lovers.

SOON after the interment of Sir James, lady Edmonton requested Mrs. Stanley to allow her the company of Louisa, so that whatever was her reluctance to a separation from Emily, she was obliged to attend her ladyship, in receiving the usual ceremonial, commonly called, the visit of condolence; yet we think, on some occasions, it may not improperly be called
on

one of the solacing joys of widowhood.

The first moment that decency permitted, Sir Charles Hallifax went to pay his respects to lady Castledale, at the earl's house in South-Audley-Street; and met from her ladyship a reception the most flattering to his wishes. This he placed to the account of his good friend Sir Thomas Stanley's mediation, rather than to any merit in himself. Lady Lucy happened to be that morning engaged. He seized the opportunity of her absence, and pleaded his cause so effectually with the countess, that she condescended

78 The PICTURE:

to assure him, she thought her daughter happy in his attachment; and engaged that nothing should be wanting to the completion of his felicity: which engagement she likewise promised the earl would ratify, immediately on his arrival in town. Here, reader, give us leave to tell thee, that his lordship three weeks before, having fought the countess down at Sir Thomas Stanley's, stayed only to partake of a slight refreshment, and then proceeded forward on some dispatch of importance, from which he was not yet returned.

Sir Charles, perfectly satisfied with his reception and success,
took

took leave of her ladyship, and called on colonel Stanhope ; but not meeting him at home, returned to lady Edmonton's, where he found him fortunately engaged in a tete-a-tete with Miss Orey. Considering these amiable lovers in the same road of happiness with himself, he communicated the pleasing hopes he had received from lady Castledale, in terms so lively, in a transport so unaffected, as gave the colonel an intimate feeling of his pleasure, and made Louisa impatient to congratulate lady Lucy.

It may appear mysterious that Sir Charles has been so long in possession of his brother's for-

80 The PICTURE:

tune without acknowledging the terms on which he had formerly accepted twenty thousand pounds from his friend: Justice obliges us to declare, our memory only is in fault, that affair being settled immediately on Sir James's death.

Though the debt was thus discharged, the remembrance of it was a cement which bound him to the generous colonel with closer bands than even those of nature. . So true it is, that the ties of friendship are stronger than the ties of blood.

CHAP.



CHAP. XI.

To Love, a thousand altars raise;
 Let thousand hearts upon them blaze;
 Let ev'ry heart be sound and clean,
 Without a flaw, without a stain:
 The rights of virtue sacred hold,
 So shall love's ashes ne'er grow cold.

BESIDES her friendship for lady Lucy, Miss Stanley found another attraction for her frequent visits to South-Audley-Street; which was no other than the conversation of lady Castledale. As all who are acquainted with, must revere the countess; to those on-

82 The PICTURE:

ly who have not been admitted to that honour, we presume to dedicate a very feeble sketch of her external and internal accomplishments, drawn with the pen of veracity.

Both the earl and herself were extremely young, when to connect the interest of two families, their hands were united.

If at this time she did not appear with all the bloom of Spring, neither had she any pretensions to the reverentials of Winter. Her person which had been fine; was still extremely pleasing. Her dignity commanded, the easy affability of her manners courted admiration. Her voice, particularly

cularly soft and musical, always spoke the sentiments of a soul harmonized by tenderness, and strengthened by superior judgment. With these shining qualities, three-and-twenty years had she preserved the entire affections of her lord, who being amiable himself, could the better distinguish the inestimable jewel he possessed in his excellent lady.

The affection with which her ladyship first embraced Miss Stanley, was warm as that with which she received lady Lucy. What is still more remarkable, though they had never before seen each

D 6

other,

84 The PICTURE:

other, this sudden prepossession equally affected both.

The countess had been in town upwards of three weeks, when one morning, as Mrs. and Miss Stanley were sitting together, Sir Thomas joined them, and requested a moment's conversation with the former; on which Emily withdrew. Mrs. Stanley, as she went out, desiring she would carry something to her dressing-room. Thither she went immediately; when turning accidentally towards the cabinet, which contained a certain beloved resemblance, to her inexpressible joy she saw the key was by accident

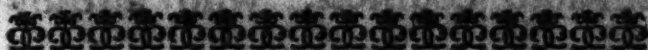
accident left in the very drawer where she had once beheld it.

Now if any of our readers should say, they would have resisted so pleasing a temptation as that of regaling their sight with the striking resemblance of what they most loved, we reply, it is a remark no less just than common, that saying is one thing and doing is another. Confess therefore, O ye fair of all denominations, ingenuously confess you would have done as did Miss Stanley; unlock the repository, gaze on the admired picture, and not have taken your eyes from it, till interrupted, as she was, by the appearance of her

86 The PICTURE:

her mother. However, this interruption was not altogether untimely; having had the kind warning of her footsteps, by which means matters were soon regulated. Her looks indeed she could not nicely adjust on so short a notice. Happy was it that Mrs. Stanley came with her attention wholly fixed on some other subject, or her conscious confusion had most certainly betrayed her.

CHAP.



CHAP. XII.

We grant, constraint's a mighty sad disaster,
 To wounded hearts an aggravating plaister;
 But more it galls when parents keep a ront,
 To drive by one, another lover out.

MY dear, said Mrs. Stanley smiling, can you guess what has been the subject of my conference with Sir Thomas?

Nothing that displeases you, madam, I presume.—

Displeases! no, my Emily, you will be convinced I am not displeased when I tell you, lord Richmond, the son of our
 ami-

88 The PICTURE:

amiable countess, who already loves you as her daughter, Lord Richmond, the honour of our nobility, offers my child his alliance: an alliance that, I am satisfied, will make her happy: an alliance, on which all my hopes are founded.

The dreadful knell which summons the guilty criminal to his fate, sounds in his ear less terrible than these words did in Miss Stanley's.

Having often, on similar occasions experienced her mother's indulgence, she tried to rally her disordered spirits. By the most persuasive eloquence she strove to

to parry the thrust by which she was so much alarmed. How was her distress heightened when for the first time she found all her intreaties fruitless! Mrs. Stanley with a determinate air represented the honour of such a connection, and her unalterable resolution never to recede from the promise she had given his lordship's family.

Emily's heart, newly warmed with the image of him she loved, would have refused admittance to any other object however perfect, much less could she support the mention of one whom she had never seen, and whose indelicacy she could not help

90 The PICTURE:

help condemning, in that he had offered his hand without the concurrence of his eyes or heart. Such, and many other general objections her mother seemed to solve with unanswerable arguments.—The controversy was long and affecting.—Emily had been in tears.—Distress was still painted on her face, when they were informed the countess and lady Lucy were below.

Emily, said Mrs. Stanley, as they went to receive them, You have never given me reason to be displeased with your conduct; even your present behaviour I will not charge with perverseness; but when you see lord Richmond,
if

if you longer oppose my intentions, I shall then regard you as a deceiver. Miss Stanley was greatly disordered by this insinuation: a guilty conscience needing no accuser.

The ladies made their visit short. No notice was taken of Miss Stanley's chagrin, or the affair by which it was occasioned: but as they were going to take their leave, the countess, casting a penetrating glance towards Emily, said to Mrs. Stanley, May I hope, madam, a visit from another of my family, who is ambitious for that happiness, will not be displeasing? Tomorrow I expect Richmond in town:

92 The PICTURE:

town: the same evening he will aspire to the honour of kissing yours and my charming Emily's hand.

The honour is ours, replied she, without so much as seeming to observe the painful confusion into which Miss Stanley was plunged; I can answer both for myself and daughter, that we shall be grateful for his lordship's intended favour.

Ah! cruel mother, thought Emily.

We will all strive, said her ladyship, to merit the felicity you promise.

In-

Indeed, we will, my dearest sister, whispered lady Lucy.

It was well they did not wait a reply, which at that moment she was incapable of making.

A new volume of the same work was published in 1802, and it is not to be wondered at that it should have been so soon reprinted. The present edition is a new and improved one, and it is not to be wondered at that it should have been so soon reprinted. The present edition is a new and improved one, and it is not to be wondered at that it should have been so soon reprinted.

CHAP.



CHAP. XIII.

When the poor tim'rous Hare is hard pursu'd,
 He highs for shelter to the friendly wood:
 So when approaching danger we espy,
 To those we love, for safety we apply.

AS soon as the ladies were gone, Mrs. Stanley retired, under pretence of writing, but in fact to avoid giving her daughter an opportunity of renewing her intreaties. This precaution was far from being unseasonable to Emily: She had but one bosom friend who knew the situation of her heart; to that friend

friend she hastened as soon as Mrs. Stanley withdrew.

Miss Orey was still at lady Edmonton's. She ran to embrace her cousin, and wondered to observe a sad reverse of countenance, from that glad serenity with which her fair face was used to be adorned. Impatient to participate in her concern, and curious to know from whence that concern proceeded, as soon as she had paid her respects to lady Edmonton, pretending it was to engage her opinion on some frame-work begun that morning, she drew her to another apartment.

This

96 The PICTURE:

This little artifice freed them from observation, and Miss Stanley revealed the cause of her uneasiness. Nothing could be more strongly expressed than her cousin's surprize on this occasion, yet it was expressed in silence only. Surely, my dear, said Miss Stanley, I am the most guilty, the most ungrateful person breathing! Had ever daughter so excellent a parent! was ever daughter less deserving so great a blessing!—

Guilty! ungrateful! and unworthy! how have you deserved all these epithets? returned Miss Orey.

I will tell you, replied she.—
First then, I was guilty in bestowing my affections, not only without, but even against my mother's approbation.

For involuntary faults, said Louisa, I am persuaded, we are not so very culpable, as for a wilful or premeditated disobedience.

But in what light, interrupted she, must I appear, when, without daring to expose my weakness, I continue disobedient to those commands which love, duty, and reverence, oblige me to hold secret. Fain would I

98 The PICTURE:

obey, but oh! Louisa, pursued she, (her face covered with blushes) my stubborn heart in this one point starts at obedience: to displease the best of mothers, is equally terrifying. Advise me then, my friend, my sister; teach me to avoid both, for by either I am made miserable.

Since her acquaintance with colonel Stanhope, Louisa had experienced all the refinements of that passion, in which she saw her cousin entangled; and from that experience felt her conflicts more intimately.

Having

Having consulted together near half an hour, after a thousand schemes had been planned and rejected, it was at length resolved, that Emily should immediately, on her return home, make Mrs. Stanley acquainted with what passed in her heart. This indeed was regarded as a painful, yet they flattered themselves it would prove an effectual remedy.

They now returned to lady Edmonton's apartment, and having sat with her ladyship a few minutes, Miss Stanley went back somewhat comforted.



CHAP. XIV.

When apprehensions does the soul involve,
 'Tis harder far to act than to resolve.

Notwithstanding the resolution formed by Emily, in the conclusion of our last chapter, she could not summon courage enough to support it; nor do we know whether it would ever have been executed, but for the following incident.

When she returned home, Mrs. Stanley received her with that chearful affection, as though
 from

from her own lips she had been assured of her entire submission. Mrs. Stanley expressed an inclination to go that evening to Drury-Lane Theatre, and asked Emily if she had any objection? She could not refuse attending her mother, though her mind was far from being disposed to relish such an entertainment.

Accordingly, just as the second music was begun, they entered the Play-House, and were shown to a box, the third row of which was disengaged. Thither our lovely heroine was following her mother with an air of sweet dejection, not in the

102 The PICTURE:

power of transient pleasure to dissipate; when suddenly she beheld the person, on whom she could not look with indifference.—His eyes rivetted on her face with the most passionate tenderness.—Her disorder was more than we can well describe—more than she could well support.

Afraid to venture one glance towards that side of the house, where sat the most pleasing, the most alarming object of her affections, she was lost in a kind of painful inattention, till the play was concluded.

Before the entertainment began, pretending a slight indis-

position, she prevailed on Mrs. Stanley to retire.

Harry, who saw when they went out, waited in the lobby to pay them his respects. To find him there, redoubled the emotion of Miss Stanley. The reception her mother gave him, convinced her memory needed no monitor.

With an easy and graceful elegance he made his devours to Mrs. Stanley. When he addressed the blushing Emily, it was with such a mixture of respect and rapture, as convinced her his passion had not lessened but increased by absence.

104 The PICTURE:

Whether this observation gave her a greater degree of pain or pleasure, we shall leave our experienced readers to determine.

Mrs. Stanley spoke to him very politely, yet accompanied with a certain distant restraint, not very favourable to the inclinations of her daughter.

When he warmly solicited for the honour of their acquaintance, she consented indeed to receive his visits, but consented in terms so cold as would almost seem to forbid them.

CHAP.



CHAP. XV.

Sometimes we hope, sometimes despair
Without just cause or reason;
This truth to us is passing flare,
Both may be out of reason.

STimulated by the incident we have just related, Emily summoned to her aid the most irresistible innocence, the most winning softness : with these graces, strongly pleading from tongue and eyes, the same evening she revealed the true situation of her heart to Mrs. Stanley. That lady listened with

E 5

more

more indifference than anger, and said when she had concluded, Perhaps, Emily, I might incur the censure of rigid parents, who forget that their own hearts were once susceptible of tender impressions, when I say, I am not mortally offended at the preference you have discovered. I am satisfied, before you yielded that preference, you had reason to be charmed with the character of him to whom it was yielded. I am also satisfied with the caution you have taken to repel a tenderness I had not authorized. Above all, I am pleased with that ingenuous candor, that sweet simplicity, with which you have made

made me the participater of your sentiments.

This lenity, where severe reproach, or at least reproof was expected, had such an effect on the gentle Emily, that she sunk down at the feet of her mother, and in a tearful silence made known her acknowledgements.

Mrs. Stanley, thinking she had said enough for that evening, raised, tenderly embraced her, and soon after went to her own apartment.

Now was Emily's repose serene and undisturbed. The

108 The PICTURE:

extreme kindness she had just experienced, had filled her soul with sanguine expectations; amongst which, that of being allowed to reject the proposals of lord Richmond was not the least pleasing. Alas, inconstant, fleeting Hope, the sweet companion of her midnight-hours, fled on the rays of Phœbus, to cheat some other bosom, leaving her's dark, cheerless and dismayed.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

'Tis policy to quit contention's field,
 For most we conquer when we seem to yield:
 Avoid contention, rough resistance shun;
 Mild, gentle tempers are by mildness won.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Stanley had shewn so great lenity, the preceding evening, she harboured no intention but in favour of lord Richmond.

When next morning the former subject was renewed, Emily was assured she must either re-
 ceive

110 The PICTURE:

ceive lord Richmond's addresses, or incur the lasting displeasure of her mother. Dreadful alternative! Her sentence was not to be revoked. And now the hour approached, in which she had submitted to an interview with her intended lover. But, hold! let us not injure her delicacy by supposing she had also submitted to prostitute those affections which were already the proper object of another. No! it was in obedience to the commands of Mrs. Stanley, that she consented to an interview, rather endeavouring to win by condescension, than conquer by opposition.

Al-

Already by this method did she imagine herself possessed of one advantage, Mrs. Stanley having promised not to leave her alone with lord Richmond on his first visit.

Trifling as this indulgence may appear to the heart secure of all its wishes, and basking in the sunshine of happiness, to her it was far from trivial. Like the drowning wretch, from every floating reed, she indulged some hopes of deliverance.

Encouraged by this small acquiescence with her request, she
at-

112 The PICTURE:

attended her mother less reluctantly than might have been supposed, to receive her noble admirer, who came unaccompanied either by the countess or lady Lucy.

CHAP.



CHAP. XVII.

A simple question gives the soft alarm,
Glow's on her face, and animates each charm.

HAD his lordship's visit been on any other footing than that of love, so far from thinking his presence painful, Emily would have been charmed with his wit and judgment.

In the present situation of her thoughts, she listened with forced

114 The PICTURE:

forced attention to his conversation, which her own refined sense compelled her to admire.

Often did she fancy his voice bore some resemblance to that which once pronounced certain words never to be erased from her memory; nor did she think their persons extremely foreign to each other. So apt is the little sportive delly to raise elusive images in the imaginations of his votaries, and afterwards divert himself with their perplexities,

None but general topics had been yet brought on the carpet, when a question from Mrs. Stanley engaged them in one
of

of a more interesting nature. This question, simple in itself, though important in its consequences, was no other than, How long his lordship had been in England? He replied; five weeks, which time he had passed at the duke of ———'s castle in Derbyshire, being summoned thither to assist at the marriage of his grace's eldest daughter lady Lydia.

A thousand doubts, a thousand apprehensions rushed through the veins of Emily. A thousand questions trembled on her tongue. Suspense crimsoned her fair face with vermillion. And when Mrs. Stanley asked his lord-

316 The PICTURE:

lordship the person lady Lydia had made happy, she watched the motion of his lips, as though her fate had depended on his answer.

There seems, madam, returned he, a whimsical kind of fatality, which has governed the actions of that lady. She gives her hand to lord Easley: her heart at present seems also in his possession. He glories in his felicity. How long it may continue, depends on the caprice of her ladyship's inclinations. It is true, pursued he, her character is unsullied, her person infinitely beautiful, her humour entertaining, her wit
pierce-

piercing. But what tarnishes] all her brighter qualities is that inconstancy in her disposition, than which nothing can be more variable. Her affections have been so often bestowed, but never fixed, that I am doubtful whether even the adamantine chains of wedlock will be able to secure them. A former admirer of her ladyship, who was superceded in his pretensions by her present lord, gave me several entertaining instances of her fickleness, amongst the rest one of a late date, in which he himself was concerned.

Mrs.

118 The PICTURE:

Mrs. Stanley requested his lordship for the particulars. — Emily joined warmly in the request, forgetting that she asked a favour where she never could be grateful; nor did she see the mistake, till he made it visible by the pleasure he expressed in receiving her commands, and the haste in which he obeyed them.

CHAP.

when before his return to his
late his grace the duke of

CHAPTER XVIII

When half is told, and half suppress'd,
We long, we burn to know the rest;
Would go a hundred miles about,
To have the story fairly out:
But curiosity we find
The strongest, when with love combin'd.

THE gentleman who gave
me this anecdote, said
his lordship, I have the happi-
ness to call my friend. He was
likewise intimately acquainted
with lord Easley, and had been
on a visit to that nobleman,
when

120 The PICTURE:

when before his return to Ireland, in my name he called to salute his grace the duke of ——

Lady Lydia happened to be then at the castle, and during his stay there he had frequently the honour of attending her ladyship on many little excursions. He admired her person, praised her wit, and altogether owned her extremely lovely, without entertaining a thought beyond that admiration, he would have bestowed on any other fine woman, equally accomplished.

Lord Arnold had followed her ladyship into the country,
not

not without apparent encouragement, was so well received by her father, and seemed so much the object she preferred to a numerous train of admirers, that my friend, when he left the castle, congratulated his lordship on the near approach of his felicity, expecting the next accounts he received from England, would be of his marriage with lady Lydia.

Scarce had he been returned six months, when an express arrived from the duke, soliciting his presence so warmly, that he was obliged to leave Ireland a second time, setting out for the

castle with all imaginable expedition.

Nothing could be more tender than his reception.—— Lady Lydia did not appear at supper, —— He enquired after her ladyship's health, and was informed that she had been, and still continued much indisposed.

As soon as the other company was withdrawn, his grace expatiating in the highest terms on his esteem for the young gentleman and his family, began to open the affair, on which he had desired his presence; offering him his alliance, and hint-

hinting that his daughter's indisposition proceeded from a too tender sensibility of his merit; assuring him that lord Arnold had withdrawn all pretensions to her favour, finding he did not possess that place in her esteem, with which he had once flattered himself.

My friend, having no prior attachment, accepted the duke's proposal, and accordingly the next morning was introduced to her ladyship. He was really startled at the languid alteration of her countenance; which if it did not inspire him with all the ardor of love, discovered a sensation of gratitude

124 The PICTURE:

mistaken by all but his own heart for that passion.

Lady Lydia, to the great joy of her family, began to recover her health and spirits.—My friend courted her affections with all the parade of uncertainty.—And if the most gracious returns could make him happy, he had certainly no reason to complain.

Matters were going on thus rapidly, when friendship reminded him of the rites which were her due, and the respect he owed lord Easley. He was only two days journey from his lordship's seat, and proposed
ma-

making him a short visit the following week. The duke, being acquainted with his design, sent lord Easley a pressing invitation to the castle; so that by his lordship's unexpected arrival my friend's intentions were agreeably prevented.

His lordship's narrative was here interrupted by the appearance of tea and coffee.

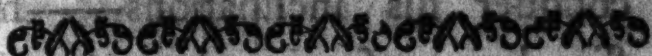
Emily's heart at this moment was possessed with a kind of prophetic sensation——A sensation we know not how to paint, but have often felt——A sensation which seemed to inform her she was not unconcerned in

126 The PICTURE:

what interested this friend of his lordship's, this lover of lady Lydia.——With a fluttering heart and trembling hand she sat down at the tea-table.——

Mrs. Stanley, also impatient for the conclusion of his lordship's recital, readily embraced a hint he gave for dismissing the attendants. After which he kindly furnished us with materials for another chapter.

CHAP.



CHAP. XIX.

Slow breaks the morn, all clad in modest gray,
Thro' her thin robe diffuses welcome light,
Till by degrees it brightens into day,
Revealing perfect objects to our sight;
Which simile, good reader, we prepare,
To teach thee patience till events are clear.

LORD Esley, till this
visit, had never seen
lady Lydia. Notwithstanding
his friend's prior and approved
addresses, he could not now
behold her without admiration.

128 The PICTURE:

He tries, but tries in vain, to conquer his inclinations—he flies her presence—he returns: he hates himself—determines to conquer, but is still a slave——He calls resolution to his aid——He thinks he has broke the chain; but again he sees lady Lydia, and is again entangled.

My friend observes and pities the distress of his rival. For though his honour and gratitude were engaged, his heart had no share in the engagement——He watches lady Lydia's looks—he reads in them certain marks of her usual inconstancy——He endeavours to find out for whom his civilities are

are neglected, and perceives it
is for Lord Easley.

Certainly a man who can
examine the heart of his mis-
tress with composure, need not
tremble at what he may there
discover.

My friend, far from the rage of
disappointed love, felt a degree
of joy in observing that another
was preferred, where he had
very little ambition of pleas-
ing.

Lord Easley thought he saw
a coldness in her ladyship's beha-
viour to her lover, and concluded
it was an alliance of the duke's

130 The PICTURE:

proposing, to which her duty only had obliged her to listen.

Not even to his lordship had he divulged the advances made him by the lady's family; being cautious to conceal a levity, which though shown in his favour, he condemned, having before witnessed her partiality for lord Arnold.

Lord Easley, impatient for an opportunity to confirm his hopes, proposes to my friend the diversion of shooting——They go out before the family are stirring——They reach a wood situated on the side of the castle.——His lordship confesses his love, and is encouraged to persevere.

Emily

Emily began to be more and more interested.

His lordship continued—

To give Easley the happy moment of entertaining lady Lydia alone, it was agreed, that his rival, under pretence of some engagement, should that evening absent himself a few hours from the castle.

This plan was executed with success. And lord Easley was blessed in finding her ladyship's inclinations entirely in his favour.

232 The PICTURE:

My friend, to pass away the hours in which those rapturous lovers were together, had recourse to a neighbouring play-house.

He had been seated but a few moments when four ladies entered, who finding some difficulty in getting seats—— he flew to their assistance. Two of these ladies he has described to me as infinitely lovely. One of them repaid his services with captivity; and taught him what before he had never experienced, the difference between a real and an affected passion.

Reader,

Reader, if thou hast any recollection of what passed whilst our fair friends were visitors at Hampton-Dodge, then mayest thou account for the destruction of a china dish, which aspiring to the ruby lips of Emily, from that envied height fell at her feet in a thousand pieces—the motion by which it was agitated not being extremely unlike that of an earthquake. An earthquake has the same effect on towns and palaces, as my lord's last words produced on the delicate frame of our heroine.

The original Mrs.

Mrs. Stanley, without regarding her consternation, turned to his lordship, and, presenting the very portrait of which we have made frequent mention, said with a smile, Remember you, my lord, the original of this picture?

With the warmest affection, replied his lordship, May I presume to hope, madam, it does not obstruct the happiness of Richmond?

Such a supposition, returned she, is highly injurious to his lordship's merit. The original of this picture can have no qualification.

ifications superior to those professed by lord Richmond, and were persuaded to approve the

Emily did not in the least relish this conversation, dreading it would grow more particular. But her fears were groundless.

My lord seeming impatient to finish his narrative; made only a silent acknowledgement to Mrs. Stanley, and continued his relation. The sequel of which was:

That lady Lydia, the next morning, confessed her inclinations had deserted to lord Easley; that by the contrivance

and

236 The PICTURE:

and intercession of her former lover, the Duke and Duchess were persuaded to approve the change. But having seen so many instances of a dangerous levity in her disposition, their graces insisted on her observing this engagement as sacred, in consequence of which their marriage had been lately celebrated.

His lordship having ended, shortly after arose, took a polite leave, and withdrew.

CHAP.

without reluctance yields to the

which she retired hastily, leav-
 ing Emily well assured that her
CHAP. XX.
 prognostications would never
 be accomplished.

Whilst the Judge passes sentence to banish or hang,
 The poor culprit's heart beating feels many a pang:
 His words he can't utter, or senses believe,
 When before execution comes down the reprieve.

HIS lordship being gone,
 Well, Emily, said Mrs.
 Stanley, at present I will not
 insist on your sentiments of lord
 Richmond. I am going to my
 closet, and shall return in half an
 hour, when I venture to fore-
 tel, you will confess your heart
 with-

138 The PICTURE:

without reluctance, yields to the commands of duty. Saying which she retired hastily, leaving Emily well assured, that her prognostications would never be accomplished.

She was beginning to form many resolutions, when behold her cogitations were interrupted by an object no less pleasing than the picture itself, which his lordship having laid on the table, was fortunately not remembered by Mrs. Stanley.——We now behold it in the hand of Emily.

——Her eyes, her thoughts, her whole soul intensely fixed; and recollection heaving with sighs her snowy bosom. So long, so

ardently had she gazed on the pleasing portrait, that forgetting its insensibility she addressed it thus, as though capable of the most supreme felicity :

Upbraid me not, thou beloved resemblance—my heart shall never own another master—my heart shall direct my hand. Never, never will I give either to lord Richmond.

“O ! revoke that sentence,” exclaimed a voice suddenly.

She started.

Give both to Richmond, your adoring Richmond—Richmond who implores them.

She

140 The PICTURE:

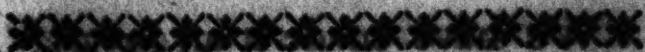
She turned. Heavens! what was her confusion? At her feet appeared the lovely Harry, the lovely original of her admired picture.—He snatches her hand.

But hold! presumptuous pen, to what ambitious heights wouldst thou aspire? Remember the fate of Phaeton, nor like him attempt beyond thy feeble strength. Confine thy flights to humble explanations; reveal the causes whence this scene arose; nor venture farther. For it is the task of love, or lover's brains, to paint the bliss refined, the tender glowing strokes of this impassioned moment,

We

We have made it an invariable rule, never to lead our readers into any labyrinth, without the extricating clew of reason.

Therefore, if they are pleased to proceed by that which we shall now present them; we going on before, will dissipate the fleeting mist of doubt, till by degrees they behold the unclouded blaze of certainty, and we the goal of our undertaking.



CHAP. XXI.

Well, now, good folks, the trial's over,
 Pray how d'ye like her noble lover?
 Was ever man more formed by nature,
 To woo and win its fairest creature?
 But hold! we've promis'd, and must therefore,
 Explain as how, as when, and wherefore.

WE have been informed
 in the preceeding chap-
 ter, on what terms lord Rich-
 mond stood with lady Lydia,
 when at the play-house at ——
 he first saw Miss Stanley.—Hav-
 ing

ing once seen, he wished to see her eternally. All inquiries of who she was, and whence she came, were in vain whispered. Resolved, on information, he directed his search through a more successful channel. And having assisted the ladies to their coach, he addressed himself to their servant for intelligence.

Being obliged to bring our readers back to this era, we must, to avoid repetition, request they will apply to their memories, for the particulars of that incident which we have already related.

When

144 The PICTURE:

When his lordship heard her name was Stanley—that she lived at Rose-Hill with her mother, and was only a visitor at the Lodge, he began to entertain some confused ideas of her descent and connections. He had often heard Mrs. Stanley mentioned with esteem by the earl and countess—her amiable character, and motives for retirement—but never did these occurrences make so strong an impression on his memory, as when he beheld the charming daughter of that lady. He returned to the castle—but, how altered, how changed!

When

Lord

Lord Easley perceived it—
 begun to fear least he already
 repented the resigning lady
 Lydia: Hinted his suspicion;
 and declared, that though her
 ladyship had confirmed her hap-
 piness, it would receive a very
 sensible alloy, if his friend did
 not subscribe to it without
 reluctance.

Lord Richmond, who saw
 his uneasiness, hesitated not to
 relieve it, and immediately
 recited the encounter in which
 his freedom had been forfeited.
 His lordship's second interview
 was like the first, unexpected,

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146 The PICTURE:

differing only in this respect, that it was not unfought for.

Whoever has read these books, must remember the situation in which the next morning he discovered Emily: It is proper likewise to recollect the words, by which he betrayed a passion too great for concealment.—Ah! Easley, take lady Lydia, but give me, heaven! this most perfect of thy creatures.—What followed immediately after this exclamation, would be also needless to repeat.

The ardency of love owes its strength to the perfection of its object; and never was love more

more ardent, more refined, than lord Richmond's.

Convinced that Mrs. Stanley was the person his imaginations first suggested, he that morning came fully determined to make himself known, not doubting that the connection between their families would divest her of reserve.

He found Emily at her music.—Her voice—her skill—added fuel to his flame. But dejected by her haste to leave the room, he had not power to proceed, and turned back with a heart more captivated;—but more irrefolute, perplexed and timid.

148 The PICTURE:



CHAP. XXII.

To duke and earl, viscount and baron,
To all alike, noble and common,
To lord and knight, blood, buck and vicar,
We shew the sad effects of liquor.

THE same afternoon his
lordship would have made
another attempt to visit the
lodge, but was prevented; the
marquis, and many young no-
blemen then at the castle,
dragging him away to dine
with Sir Barnaby Bramble, one
of the most noted fox-hunters
in the nation.

After

After several hours spent in pushing about the bottle, with no Juggard's pace, they took horse. And in the way from Bramble-Hall, had the good fortune of being serviceable to our heroines, who by losing a wheel, stood in need of their assistance.

The contention between lord Richmond, and another gentleman, for the hand of Miss Stanley; the fright into which it threw the ladies, and its immediate consequences, we have already signified.

We shall next treat of those by which it was succeeded.

150 The PICTURE:

Lord Saxbey, the antagonist of lord Richmond, was nephew to the duke, and one of those mottled beings, who we should injure by calling a bad man, at the same time that we know not how to give him the appellation of good—one of those to whom nature lends many excellencies, which are all frequently overthrown by the force of a single vice.

Lord Saxbey, when his senses were not impaired by wine, was esteemed learned and sensible—generous to a fault—and humane without prejudice—the very soul of mirth and good

good humour—the happiness of his friends—and the joy of his companions. But see him deformed by liquor, and you see the reverse of what we have described:—so extremely fierce, resolute and revengeful, that those who before loved and admired him, fly his presence like that of some rapacious monster. In short, it was a madness of the most dreadful kind, which flew to his brain whenever he exceeded such a quantity as his reason would bare.

He had long seen and regretted this misfortune, and was at length become so

152 The PICTURE:

sensible of its consequences, that when he was to dine or sup with what is called a jovial company, his servant had private orders to mix water in the wine with which he was served at table; and by this prudent caution seldom fell a victim to its strength.

Sir Barnaby Bramble, a staunch devotee of Bacchus, would not have his honours defamed, and vowed revenge on lord Saxbey, as a flincher in the service. It was by Sir Barnaby's contrivance, that his lordship's senses were overpowered, which had made him behave so unlike himself, when assisting the ladies from their coach.

He

He did not appear that evening at supper. None of his friends were sorry for his absence, hoping repose would perfectly restore him by the morning.

On enquiry, they found he had not been in bed, nor would suffer any attendant to come near him. The marquis himself went to the door, but was denied admittance. And about twelve, the gentlemen retired to their respective chambers.



CHAP. XXIII.

He loses life's warm blood, he feels the smart,
Yet holds her dear idea to his heart.

HAVING dismissed his servant, lord Richmond was beginning to undress, when hearing some one tap gently at the door, which was locked on the inside, he rose to open it, and turning the key, in bolted lord Saxbey.—He entered with a flaming countenance, in his nightgown, cap and slippers, holding in one hand a candle, in the other two swords, one of which

he

he offered lord Richmond, and, setting his back to the door, demanded satisfaction.

Had his lordship been unacquainted with the unhappy situation of his antagonist, he would hardly have waited this invitation, after beholding his adored Emily in the condition to which his behaviour had reduced her.

But what another durst not have done with impunity, compassion taught him to pity in lord Saxbey — and seeing him enter, frantically prepared for combat, he would have persuaded him back to his room, swearing to

156 The PICTURE:

meet him on what terms and at what hour he pleased, the next morning : ——— but his adversary's brains were so disordered by a confused chaos of imaginary insults, that he continued resolute——forcing one of the swords into lord Richmond's hand, he began to wield the other, bidding him stand on his defence; and before his lordship had time to parry the thrust, run him quite through the sword-arm. The effusion of blood was so great that lord Richmond fainted.

The family was soon alarmed by the cries of lord Saxbey, who was found kneeling by his wounded friend, closing the wound

wound with his gown and shirt, which for that purpose he had torn from his own back.

The scene of confusion which this accident occasioned, surpasses description; nor did it abate till two very eminent surgeons declared the wound was not mortal.

Matters were in this situation, when, the next morning, the duke's chariot was dispatched for Mrs. Stanley,—with the following note wrote by lord Easley.

“MADAM,

“An unhappy encounter has
“happened at the castle, in
“which, lord Richmond is
“wound—

158 The PICTURE:

"wounded. By his lordship's
 "request, I write to intreat the
 "honour of your presence. It is,
 "he says, of the utmost impor-
 "tance to his peace, consequently
 "to his recovery, that he should
 "see you. Adieu, madam; your
 "immediate compliance will
 "greatly oblige all his friends,
 "in particular,

"EASLEY."

The consternation this billet
 occasioned we hope your reader's
 memory will recal; and like-
 wise the pretence under which
 Mrs. Stanley proceeded directly
 to the castle.

She
 "wound-

She acquainted Mrs. Berkley, who followed her out, with the contents of lord Easley's note, desired her to divert Emily and Louisa till her return, that they might not hear of the accident, determining to set out that day for Rose-Hill.

Without staying to give her reasons for this determination, she bid her not be surprised at whatever excuses were framed for putting it in execution; so that Mrs. Berkley did not feel that concern at Mr. Howard's pretended illness, she would have felt, had she not been warned of the counterfeit.

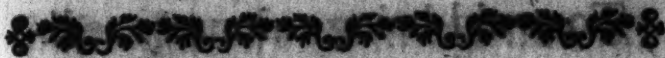
Lord

160 The PICTURE:

Lord Richmond was so extremely low, from pain and loss of blood, that his surgeon had absolutely forbid him speaking, but lord Easley finding his impatience to see Mrs. Stanley ungovernable, undertook to procure this interview, on condition of silence, leaving all he would say, to his lordship.

When Mrs. Stanley entered, she found him sitting by the bed-side, which he had never left since the accident—the curtains closed, and lord Richmond just fallen into a sweet sleep.

CHAP.



CHAP. XXIV.

Cupid himself, we dare to say,
 In his most boasting hour,
 Wantonly caus'd that bloody fray
 To shew his healing pow'r.

LORD Easley took Mrs. Stanley's hand, and led her to the next room, that his friend's repose might not be interrupted, where without reserve he disclosed his lordship's regard for her daughter, and every other point on which he himself could not have spoke.

To

To avoid being minutely tedious, we shall only say, that hearing the person who loved Emily was lord Richmond, she did not attempt concealing her pleasure, but assured lord Easley, if the earl and countess approved her alliance, she had no objection, reposing in him the secret of her real situation.

His lordship next, with the strongest marks of gratitude and esteem, entirely satisfied her in regard to lady Lydia; in which affair his conduct appeared so extremely amiable, that her satisfaction was greatly heightened. He likewise related every circumstance.

stance of the duel, or rather assassination, by which he had suffered, but assured her there was not the least danger, though it might possibly be several weeks before his cure would be accomplished.

Whilst they were conversing together, lord Richmond awoke, inquired for lord Easley who went to him, stayed many minutes, and then coming back, desired Mrs. Stanley would confirm his friend's happiness in person.

This scene was very affecting; lord Easley had not permitted him to speak, but when he saw

Mrs.

164 The PICTURE:

Mrs. Stanley approach the bedside, the most eager pleasure mounted to his eyes, and, snatching her hand, he would have pressed it to his lips. Scarce could she restrain those tears, to which as soon as she retired from his observation, she gave unlimited scope.

When he would have kissed her hand, she prevented him, and kissed him with all the tenderness of maternal love.— Recover, my dear lord, said she in a whisper—recover, and make my Emily happy.—Lord Easley will tell you more at another season.

He

He was going to speak, but she interrupted him. Not a word—Risk not that health, valuable to many, but most dear to her for whom you wish to live.

An assurance so unexpected, made him break the bounds prescribed. Ah, madam! cried he, am I not hated by your lovely daughter? Is it possible she does not hate the happy, thrice happy Richmond?

Hush, hush! my lord, returned she—now to punish this infringement on the laws of silence, I declare, Emily has bestowed her affections, or I know little
of

166 The PICTURE:

of the female heart, on one, to whose name she is yet a stranger, nor shall she know it, till by the most delicate constancy she proves so much the object of her lovers esteem, as she already is of his passion.

She then took from her watch, the picture of her daughter, drawn for lady Stanley, to whom she afterwards pretended to have sent it, though from that moment it had never wandered from the bosom of lord Richmond.

In return for this picture, his lordship presented his own to Mrs. Stanley, the same which
hath

hath so frequently made its appearance in the preceeding sheets.

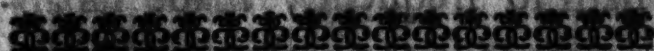
After relating this incident, it will be easy to trace the succeeding events, down to that sudden surprisal of which we treated in the XIIth chapter of our second volume.

Mrs. Stanley, hitherto hath manifested a particularity in all her actions, which some of our readers may call romantic.

Hard sentence! if it is already pronounced, the proofs we shall further advance of that lady's sentimental delicacy will not, we greatly fear, help to wipe off the imputation.

CHAP.

168 The PICTURE:



CHAP. XXV.

Accounts for what, in past relation,
Seems little less than conjuration.

THERE are certain actions, which in common life, and by common minds, are rather esteemed the effects of prudence than the want of delicacy; or why do we so often see a tender attachment give place to views of sordid interest,—the hand bestowed without one grain of affection; or what is still worse, when perhaps that very affection is strongly plighted to another.

CHAP.

Mrs.

Mrs. Stanley had not lived enough in the world to have her mind tainted by false opinions; and the connexions formed thereby she was unfashionable enough to hold highly criminal.

The manner in which she accidentally became acquainted with some advantageous circumstances, in the character of lord Richmond, made her regard her daughter's prepossession in his favour, as the natural consequence of merit. — Finding him in all respects such an alliance as her fondest hopes would have suggested, she determined to try if Emily's attachment

VOL. III. H had

170 The PICTURE:

had taken a firm root, or whether it was to be shaken, by the force of admiration from any other object.

Knowing more of her inclinations than perhaps Miss Stanley herself was conscious of, she made her conduct in this affair a test by which her virtues should be tried—and like gold from the fire, her sentiments appeared more refined, more refulgently bright.

First, then, we are to inform our readers, that Mrs. Stanley's motive for setting out the day after lord Richmond was wounded, pretending to return on account of Mr. Howard's illness,

proceeded from tenderness of Emily's health and spirits, which she had reason to fear would be affected by the accident—so resolved to withdraw, to prevent her from coming to the knowledge of it.

Before they left Derbyshire, she engaged Mrs. Berkley to be frequent in her visits to lord Richmond;—and as soon as his lordship was permitted to write, she entered into a regular correspondence with him, undertaking the whole management of his interest with her daughter, having already concerted a plan by which she was determined to proceed.

172 The PICTURE:

Lord Saxbey, when the next morning he found what had been the effect of his taking too free a glass, was reduced almost to distraction, yet did not remember one circumstance of the engagement.

Having an entire friendship for lord Richmond, his generous and tender behaviour on this occasion, more strongly cemented it.

By his lordship's desire, all reports of the accident were stifled in their infancy; and such precaution was observed, that it never reach'd the ear of lord and lady Castledale.

The

The two noble combatants being perfectly reconciled, a solemn vow passed the lips of lord Saxbey, never again to put it in the power of wine to make him miserable.

In the mean time, Mrs. Stanley caused that letter to be written, which soon after her return to Rose-Hill, Emily discovered on the dressing-table, with lord Richmond's picture enclosed.—

Whenever accident afterwards seemed to throw it in her way, it was entirely the contrivance of Mrs. Stanley, to keep alive a pas-

174 The PICTURE:

tion she would not be thought
to authorise, notwithstanding
she hourly beheld its progress
with a pleasure not to be ex-
pressed.

CHAP.

nouncing that of Richmond--

chapter of volume the second.

CHAP. XXVI.

**Whate'er you think, O spare us the confusion:
To hear you say we've made a dull conclusion!**

MRS. Stanley considered Emily and Louisa united by so intimate a friendship, that to execute her design she must keep it equally a secret from both.

Lady Lucy was privy to the intended alliance.

by Lady Stanley, when the name of Hallifax was expected, pronouncing

176 The PICTURE:

nouncing that of Richmond.—
For which occurrence we must
refer our readers to the XXIIId.
chapter of volume the second.
A thousand times did she long
to thank Emily for that tender
preference with which her bro-
ther was honoured, but being
imposed absolute secrecy, was
obliged to restrain her impa-
tience.

Sir Thomas Stanley set on foot
the negotiation; which brought
to England, sooner than they
intended, the earl and countess;
who embraced Mrs. Stanley's al-
liance with such affectionate de-
light as completed that lady's
felicity.

Lord

Lord and lady Castledale, were both so much alarmed on their arrival in town, at finding their son was still in Derbyshire, that it was impossible longer to conceal the occasion of his absence.

But at the same time, Sir Thomas calmed their apprehensions, by producing letters under his own hand, importing that his health was almost established.

Notwithstanding this assurance, his lordship would only stay to partake of a slight repast, setting forward with all expedition for the castle.

Here

178 The PICTURE:

Here he remained till the completion of his son's cure; in which time lady Lydia bestowed her hand on lord Easley.

We have nothing further to repeat relative to past transactions, except that Mrs. Stanley so contrived it after their lordship's return to town, that Emily should first see her lover at Drury-Lane Theatre, without knowing he was lord Richmond.

All that coldness she there affected towards him, was only to carry on the farce, which was concluded by introducing lord Castledale the next day. Indeed
it

it was no other than the earl himself, by whom she had been deceived.

Without imputing want of penetration to our readers, we cannot here help observing what was Mrs. Stanley's motive for this deception:

In justice to lord Richmond, if there should be any doubt remaining in her daughter's breast, of his former attachment to lady Lydia, she deemed it right and equitable such doubts should be removed, that when she received her noble admirer it might be with a heart void of suspicion.

This

180 The PICTURE:

This intention was fully answered in the dukes recital of that whole transaction.

Whilst his grace was recounting it, lord Richmond waited in the next apartment for that blissful crisis to which we brought him in our XXth chapter, and to which we shall now reconduct our readers.

This important hour was destined to be an hour of surprisals.

Mrs. Stanley's presence interrupted lord Richmond's transports; she embraced them both.

His

His lordship's acknowledgements were expressed in the warmest terms, whilst the blushing, confused, happy Emily, could not command one syllable.

Come my dear, said Mrs. Stanley, let us leave his lordship. I have not acted without many accomplices, two of whom I go immediately to impeach.

She said no more, but led her to the next apartment; at the door of which, Mr. Howard and Mrs. Berkley, flew with extended arms to receive her, and with them her beloved Louisa, a joyful participater of the general joy.

182 The PICTURE:

A thousand caresses, a thousand congratulations followed; and Emily confessed she had been surprised into happiness.

Lord Castledale now returned, conducting his lady and daughter, lord Richmend, Sir Thomas and lady Stanley, to this scene of rapture. — Never was pleasure more extatic — never was tenderness, love and friendship more ardent, more unbounded. Sir Charles Hallifax and colonel Stanhope joined them at supper, but lady Edmonton, who in complaisance to custom, had not been abroad since the death of Sir James, was obliged to console herself at home, with a private party.

Mr.

Mr. Howard stayed in town till the event which had drawn him thither was accomplished; that is, till the felicity of lord Richmond, Sir Charles Hallifax, and colonel Stanhope, was realized, in the possession of Miss Stanley, lady Lucy, and Miss Orey.

Now most ingenious connoisseur, not presuming on the merit or stile of our picture, we request only that thou wouldest hang it up in the light of candour, considering us as youthful painters, who never studied but in the school of nature.

The same hand which traces the features of a piece, does not
always

184 The PICTURE:

always touch the drapery with
equal perfection.

Sentiments may properly be
esteemed the features of all wri-
tings. Therefore if those we
have exhibited should meet the
approbation of our reader, let
him not examine with too
severe an eye, the language in
which we have cloathed them.

A fault in the one must proceed
from the heart; for the other
our capacities only are account-
able.

Blame not the painter, whilst the piece you view:
Nature directed what our pencil drew.

F L N I S.



